

Merlin House
Tuesday morning.
January 3, 1905.

My dearest mother and father, —

I have just come back from the dentist's where I have had another gold filling put into a front tooth. Luckily it will not show. I go once more, and then I hope to be all through.

I had a great treat yesterday. Miss Vahnweiler, a wealthy American lady at the Hotel Angleterre gave a large tea at which she asked me to pour. Afterward she asked Dr. Dörpfeld, Mr. Stevens and myself to dinner. Before we had finished dinner, Dr. Dörpfeld had begun to tell us his ideas about the Iliad and Odyssey, and while we were having coffee in the drawing-room afterward, he went on talking for an hour, drawing plans of the world as the ancients imagined it to be, and waxing more and more enthusiastic over every point. He has a way of stating his case so simply, and yet he makes each point a dramatic climax, so that one gets more and more interested in following the way he works it out. I kept thinking of all the professors at home who would have given a small fortune to hear what I was hearing. It is a new theory he has not yet published. As Mr. Stevens and I walked home together afterward we said it was enough inspiration to make us double our work to hear a great man like that think.

The evening before I was out to dinner too, — Sunday, New Year's day. Miss Richter, Miss Notara, Mr. Stevens and I dined at the Shicas, and had a real English plum pudding sent out from England to him by a friend of his. The rest of the Sunday passed quietly. There was church with the usual bad sermon and beautiful service, a little chance to read in the afternoon, and then a few friends in to tea.

Miss Boyd sent me a most interesting book for Christmas - 'The Amateur Spirit' by Bliss Perry. Father will enjoy reading it when I get home.

There is one more dinner to record for this week. Saturday I dined alone with Miss Kahnweiler.

Thursday evenings we read a Greek play together, about eight of us, meeting usually in my room. Ray and Gisela knew my birthday was at hand because I had spoken of some birthday money I had to spend. But I refused to tell them when it was. They only knew that it had not as yet passed. So Thursday evening, judging that it was close enough on to my birthday, Ray and Mr. Shear brought a large cake with ten candles, and brought it in after the play was finished. So the laugh was rather on me after my attempts to keep it quiet. On Saturday Gisela gave me a fine tall plant for my room, and I also had some lovely violets.

Tuesday evening the Shicas sent Miss Richter and me two tickets for the theatre. We went in state and sat in the very front row down-stairs. We had expected to be alone, but Mr. Stevens had been the recipient of a ticket as well, so he joined us. The play was a modern Greek version of the Medea of Euripides. It was very badly done, so that we often couldn't help laughing, but even so, it was interesting. I am always glad to see a Greek play acted, and to get more familiar with those old stories. We are going to read the Medea in ancient Greek this Thursday evening. We read aloud in turn, and though I don't understand every word, I get enough to become absorbed in the story. It is good practice to hear Greek as well as to read it by the eye, I think. We try to keep the old pronunciation, for we are all thinking more or less about teaching Greek, but we lapse occasionally in spite of ourselves into the modern Greek method which we hear

every day.

You asked if the boys smoked at the Veterans. Afterward they do, and have beer, and rye bread and radishes, but we do not stay for that. Four of the boys at the school do not smoke at all, but the others do, and so does Dr. Heermance, and they all take beer. That I suppose sounds a little bad to you: I am so used to having beer and wine around, that I have to stop sometimes to recall the New England point of view. Even Mrs. Heermance takes wine.

I do hope my Christmas presents reached you in time. I suppose I cannot expect to hear from there till next week.

I must hurry to the P.O. now. If the dentist had let me out sooner, I should have written a longer letter. I am buying photographs with my Christmas and birthday money, and am getting a splendid collection. How we shall enjoy looking at them together.

Lovingly,
G.R.

Merlin House
 Sunday Evening
 January 8, 1905.

My dearest father and mother, —

I have just heard what awful storms Miss Woolsey's steamer, the Princess Irene, went through; she had put in to Halifax December 23rd for coal, so I know now that you had no presents from me for Christmas day. I only hope that they reached you for New Years. I feel quite disappointed about it; I thought I had managed it both years so well. The Heermances think that Miss Woolsey and Miss Whitney must have been pretty well alarmed. Professor Perrin was with them, to the great satisfaction now of the Heermances.

I have had an unusually quiet Sunday; it has rained and we have had no callers, except Miss Marsham who comes in regularly for a visit before she takes the princes and princesses to dancing-class. I have finished to-day, the book Miss Boyd gave me, — 'The Amateur Spirit' by Bliss Perry, and have enjoyed reading it thoroughly. This morning we all went to church as usual and heard an Epiphany sermon and sang Epiphany hymns, but the best commemoration of the day for me was to sit and recall (during the sermon) all the lovely pictures I saw in Italy of the Wise men presenting their gifts.

Long as I have been here, I have never been to Marathon. Yesterday Dr. Heermance, Mr. MacMahon and I started off on our bicycles at nine intending to go there and return before dark. It was not as fine a day as we had expected after the lovely weather of the two or three preceding days. The wind was blowing quite a gale, but as it came from behind us, we cared little, but went sailing along at a great rate. The road to

Marathon is one of the loveliest I have seen in Greece. One sees all the familiar mountains, Illymettus, Pentelikon and Parnes, from a different point of view so that one hardly recognizes them. There are many fragrant pine groves along the road, scrubby pines showing up very green against the grey rock of the mountains. We were coasting down a long down-hill stretch in one of the loveliest places on that lovely road, when plop bang! my back tire burst. The same old bothersome tire that has never been a success since I broke it on the way to Eleusis. It takes more than a trifle like that to upset Dr. Heermance's peace of mind. He at once said it was better to walk back, than to try to ride against that wind, so we made right about face and started on the twelve miles of walking between us and Athens. At noon we stopped to eat luncheon in a sheltered pine grove, and then with one or two further stops in particularly nice sunny places, we pegged along to Athens, arriving at just three o'clock. I was not the least little bit tired, but took a bath, paid three calls, and wrote some letters before dinner.

Friday Mr. MacMahon and I bicycled out to a fine old Byzantine church about five miles out of Athens. It was a perfect day like an early October day at home. I wish you could breathe this fine clear winter air one day. I love Athens better every day, and am just beginning to realize what a treat I have had in being here two years. I love the country much more than last year, and yet, - I am eager to get back to a more familiar dearer landscape with which I have some connection and association. In 'The Amateur Spirit' mention was made of a brook bordered by pop-pye weed, and I was thrilled with the thought that this year I would be home and see such good homely things again.

I am going to the court-ball again this year, and

also the day before to see the queen, the princesses etc. dressed in Greek style, in the Greek peasant costume. I myself go in full evening dress at twelve o'clock at noon. Isn't that absurd?

I have sent in another envelope Miss Boyd's account of our trip in Western Crete, which appeared in the Smith Monthly, and a second doilie; I forgot to send one last week.

I had to laugh ^{over} ~~at~~ mother's concern lest the Bridgeport people had not liked my hat. There is a delightful Greek phrase for 'that doesn't matter' which means 'it does not bother me at all.' I would say it now if it were understood. I hope I shall have some chance to speak Greek with the Richardsons or with their butler Andreas occasionally. I hate to think of losing what I have learned of it.

I thought I was all through with the dentist, but when he came to look through my mouth, he found that there was scarcely a tooth which did not need filling. Worst of all the two gold fillings put in by the Munich dentist (whom I liked so much) must come out again at once, because they are put in so badly.

We played tennis Thursday at the Shicas.

Last Wednesday we all three lunched with some English people who left the Merlin for a down town hotel. Then we attended the open meeting of the German school, and in the evening, at the boys' invitation, went with them to see Aristophanes' Plutos. It was an excellent production, and we all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. The boys were Mr. Post, Mr. Shear and Mr. Washburn.

Have I written that it is decided that I shall speak at an open-meeting of the American school along the last of February? I am to have lantern pictures and a stick, and shall strut about to my heart's content. Wish you might see the performance.

I am growing fat and double-chinned again, in spite of cold-water baths. My health is perfect, whether I sit up late or go to bed, walk twenty miles or sit still all day, I am equally well. Mind you keep the same good health, and behave yourselves circumspectly till I see you again.

Lovingly
Edith.

American School Library
January 14, 1905.

My dear father,—

We were wakened this morning at sunrise by the firing of cannon, and the playing of bands, for it is the Greek New Years Day to-day, the greatest holiday of the year. If I turn to look out of the window toward Hymettus I see the American and Greek flags flying side by side from the school balcony. Everybody is wishing everybody else a Happy New Year, so I can do no better for a birthday wish than to send their greeting on to you:— εἰς ἑτη πολλά. Perhaps the sponge I had hoped would reach you for Christmas will arrive about the time of your birthday. I hope it will not be too big and too clumsy to give you many good cold water baths this winter.

I'd like to have you come into the library this morning and look over our set of American boys. They are a lively lot, and are enjoying to the full their experiences around at Greek restaurants, and at court balls, making fun of everything in characteristic American fashion. It's a great relief to be with such hearty honest boys after knowing the suave sentimental men of Italy and of Greece. Miss Stone, an American girl who has lived here ten years says that she would come to disbelieve the whole human race if it weren't for the boys she meets at the American School year by year.

They are very kind in looking out for us three at the Merlin. I told you that last week they took us to see Aristophanes Ploutos. Night before last Mr. Shica handed over to Gisela and me two tickets for the Oresteia of Aeschylus. Mr. Washburn heard of it, and walked down and back to the Theatre with us, and bought a seat next to ours. The performance was excellent, a combination of

The Three plays 'Agamemnon', 'The Choeophorae' and the 'Eumenides' into one play. It was heavily cut, but gave the whole story, nevertheless, from the time when the watcher on the roof of the Argos palace sees the signal light announcing the fall of Troy, till Agamemnon, Cassandra, Clytemnestra and Aegisthus were all killed off, and the Eumenides had ceased the persecution of Orestes for the murder of his father. Some scenes were very impressive, - Agamemnon driving in in his war-chariot with the drooping girlish Cassandra crouched beside him, and the meeting of Orestes and Electra at Agamemnon's grave where they mingled their prayers to the spirit of Agamemnon below. It was given in modern Greek translation, so of course there was a great deal which I couldn't understand. But I don't worry any more when I don't understand nor strain to catch words, but just take what comes, and generally enough comes to make me enjoy it thoroughly. We are getting a lot of Greek drama this year. Last evening four of us (some of the circle here gone to Delphi) read the rest of the Medea. Next week we read Sophocles Ajax.

I'm glad you have had some rain to fill the cistern, although I suppose you had no pumping to do during the drought. I don't like to think of your exercise being limited to wood-chopping or wood-sawing. It seems to me you would get more relief in getting off the place and tramping the country. But perhaps the mud is too bad now, and of course there is the relief and satisfaction of seeing work accomplished.

Last Wednesday we thought we would take a trip to the sanctuary of Amphiaraios at Oropos on the border of Boeotia and Attica. The sunset had foretold a good day, as nearly as we could judge, so we rose at five in great spirits, Gisela and I, and after eating breakfast with Dr. Heermance there to watch us, we started

off in the starlight for the station. We had an hour's ride. By the time it was done the weather was less bright, but even then we did not think of rain. We started off across country where there was a good deal of sticky red earth, and found the mud pretty bad. The sky kept getting darker, and then there began a little flurry of snow which in ten minutes changed to a soft steady rain. We had gone about six miles, too far to turn back, so walked on and on in the rain, through the worst mud I have ever seen. Once I slipped down a muddy bank into a pit of soft mud below, and was extracted only by the combined aid of Dr. Heermance and Professor Smith. At the Sanctuary when we finally arrived we found shelter and a small fire in the keeper's hut, around which we sat and ate our lunch in a mist from our smoking clothes. On the way home it rained nearly all the way. We walked altogether twenty-five miles, fifteen of which must have been through rain and mud. And on the train home we sat an hour in wet clothes, with freezing cold feet. Yet everyone kept in high spirits, and I can truthfully say that I enjoyed the day. Such a tramp refreshes me more than anything else, and besides I can picture very easily to myself how that mountain valley looked on a sunny day when patients straggled in with their lambs for sacrifice and then lay down in the beautiful long stoa to sun themselves and dream inspired dreams of how they should be cured. They had games there too, and great doings every four years.

This letter is a poor apology for a birthday present, but it brings you a great deal of love and congratulations on your 58th birthday.

Affectingly,
Edith

American School Library
Tuesday, January 17, 1905

My dear mother and father, —

There is more snow on the mountains to-day than I have ever seen in Athens before. Itynettus is covered down to the foot-hills. The air is clear and frosty. I have a slight cold taken at the performance at the palace last Saturday when we went in low neck dress at noon to kiss the queen's hand. But the cold is nearly gone, and was slight anyway. That day at Oropos when we were wet through nearly all day did not affect me at all.

I don't know whether you will be interested in these palace performances or not. One of the boys, Mr. Shear, who is of a practical turn of mind said he didn't see why Americans who had no real reverence for royalty wanted to go through all this rigmarole for. There is a certain justice in his remarks, but on the other hand I think it will be an amusing experience to look back upon.

We assembled about twelve in the ball-room of the palace, and sat shivering around two big brazeros for nearly an hour. There were forty ladies present, some of them dressed in Greek costume and ^{some} (all) of them in gorgeous evening gowns and wraps. At the end of an hour the court marshal and a lady in waiting came for us and we were ushered through two or three big rooms to a little waiting-room opening from the throne-room. From this we were ushered one by one into the presence of their majesties and all the royal family. The proper procedure is to advance within a few steps of the queen and curtsy, then to take the queen's hand and curtsy again, then the same for the king's hand, and a fourth bow to the crown princess. I had scarcely given the thing a thought till I got there, and I must say I was a little frightened. I'm sure I did not bow low enough; and when it was the crown

princess's turn I could not find her, but aimed my bow at Prince George of Grete instead.

The court-ball was much more fun for me this year than last. I hardly thought at first that I cared to go again but I am glad now that I did. I did not need to be presented this time, and that gave me much more time to dance. Then I knew more people to dance with. We all went together, and had our seats together for the cotillion. I wore the same green dress, the one Ted Tiemann gave me, but cut low. We got home at three. I am just beginning to feel myself again now.

I was prepared to hear that you did not get my presents in time for Christmas, but I am rather surprised that you did not see in the Tribune about the fearful ocean storms, and guess what the reason was. But Miss Woolsey will understand your anxiety perfectly. She arrived in New York Monday after Christmas and stayed there with her brother for a Christmas dinner. But perhaps she has written you all this.

I must get to work now on my paper. This morning I am collecting all the different designs on the Knossos Palace frescoes, to see if they influenced ~~verses~~ at all.

Take good care of yourselves and don't work too hard.

Affectionately,
Ed.R.

Merlin House
Athens, Greece
Sunday Morning
January 22, 1905

My dear father and mother, -

Owing to delays by storms or as some say to a mistake of sending the bags of American mail on to Constantinople, your letter which commonly reaches me Tuesday, arrived only last evening. I had not worried, but only felt lonely without word from you. I am glad the Christmas packages reached you safely, and that you were able to sort them out among the destined recipients. It was too bad that I did not send something to the Chandlers. I got these ^{things} together hastily, and thought of almost no one beside the family and the Hibbards who took so much trouble with the calendar. Did you send Katherine's embroidery on to her?

(On the whole the news about Clarence does not seem to me bad news. If he can be surely strong again after another year it is better than to have the prospect of never being able to be active. I am glad I shall be home at the time.)

It is a cold rainy day, the fourth day of steady rain. They say that the Ilissos river is really a river to-day, so we are going to walk down and see it this afternoon as we go to inquire for Miss Shica who has had a horrid accident. She ran a needle into the palm of her hand, and a little end of it broke off in her bone. They have located it with X-rays, but have not got it out yet.

Gisela and I are going to the German church at the Palace to-day. We were so disgusted with the English service last Sunday that we resolved on the spot to take a vacation.

There is no drip to report for this week. It has been raining most of the time and work has gone steadily on, only interrupted by one or two teas. I've been to the dentist's twice more, two hours each time. The last time I had wisdom-tooth no. 3 pulled. Next week I shall have no. 4 out, and then that job will be done. I am quite stical about dentistry now. On the whole I have come off with very little pain.

Several things have happened this week to set me up about work. One gets so easily into a rut and works mechanically and then (at least I have this experience) some big brain comes along and stirs you up and puts new life and enthusiasm into the work. Yesterday Mr. Dawkins came in to the Heermances to tea. I had not seen him for a long time, as he has been travelling in Palestine and Egypt. He talked Crete a lot and suggested that I go down with his sister to visit their Palaiokastro dig, and then take a week or ten days' riding trip with them when Easter festivities kept their men from working. He then took me ^{home} ~~down~~ with him and we looked over the photographs and drawings of last year's find at Palaiokastro, and discussed Kretan pottery a lot. That is the material I am writing about now, so it was a great incentive to see how clear it was in his mind. There are at least seven splendidly strong clear Thinkers among the men at our two schools. Isn't it a privilege to know such men well, as I am learning to here?

Last evening Mr. Shear read at the Verein one of the best papers we have had. It was a masterpiece for orderliness and clearness, and showed his thorough Johns Hopkins training.

For three letters I have forgotten to tell you something which I know you will be interested to hear, at least I don't think I told you before. That is Mr. Professor North

who has been six weeks in Athens, a professor at Pomona College, California, knew Uncle George well at Amherst, and also the Lymans, and afterward in California he always knew of Aunt Mary as Uncle George's wife, and had taught Ethel at Pomona. He was very strong in his admiration of Aunt Mary's character: he said that Ethel was too fond of the boys, and was glad Mt. Holyoke was having a chance to take it out of her. After graduating from Amherst, he did graduate work at Yale.

I had a letter from Mr. Seager yesterday. He is down in Florida fishing, on his own boat. He is very much out of sorts with Miss Boyd, and never wants to see her again.

(I am so sorry that the Williams are going. I shall miss them a lot. Is there no house that they can take in Woodstock?)

Mr. Bosanquet is enough better so that we are going in there for music this evening. He has had a long slow illness, a very mild case of typhoid. Mrs. Bosanquet says he can't get his accumulated and accumulating work off his mind, and will answer mail each day.

Wednesday I had luncheon with the Heermances to meet Dr. Patrick the president of the Women's College in Constantinople. Being steady subscribers to "The Missionary Herald" and "Life and Light" you will doubtless know a great deal about his invitation. Dr. Patrick is a graduate of a small college in Ohio, and has since taken a doctor's degree in Germany. She is a broad-minded intelligent woman, just the sort for the position. She has asked me if I can come to Constantinople this spring to stay with them at the college. I can go there and back for \$10, and if I can thus avoid big hotel bills, I think it would be foolish not to go. Gisela and some of the boys want to go too. But I have so many trips planned for the Spring

That I never shall carry them all out. We shall see.

I forgot to send a Josie in my last letter, mother. I send no. 3 in this one.

It is church time now, so I must leave the bright open fire in the 'salon' where an old white-haired German professor and I have been together for an hour, and get ready. Take good care of yourselves, and keep well. From the time you get this letter it will be only three months before I shall be coming home.

Lovingly,
Edith.

Athens, Greece
January 31st, 1905.

My dearest father and mother, —

After some days of rain, one of these perfect American winter days has dawned. I am glad that Dr. Hoppin's lecture in the library which I do not attend has driven me away and given me an excuse for walking down to the Post Office with these letters. I shall stop in at the National Bank to see Aristides a minute, and also take two pair of shoes to be soled. I am very proud of the way my Worcester shoes have lasted. I have not needed yet the extra pair I had made in Rome.

A week has passed without a trip. If this good weather lasts we shall try to go to Sunium tomorrow. The most important event of the week for me was a two hours talk I had on Friday with Dr. Heermance. We went over together as much of my ~~pt~~ paper as I had written, and discussed plans for completing it etc. I enjoy work on it more than any other I have ever done. I only wish I had time to work it all out. I was very slow in getting at it, I mean in getting down to the real work of writing.

On Thursday we went to another big Greek tea, given by some of the same set of girls. There were about fifteen of us all dressed in our best. We sat a while and talked, then Ray and I taught them the American two-step and then we all went down-stairs to the dining-room for a big sit-down tea. We had most delicious sweets and cakes, which we ate sitting in our high-backed leather seated chairs, talking gravely to one another. I sat beside one girl who could not speak English, so I had good chance to practice Greek. After tea we danced up-stairs until dinner time.

Sunday evening Ray and I had dinner with Mrs. and Miss Heermance. Dr. Heermance and Mr. Shear have gone off to the Peloponnese for a little exploring trip, to find a future

digging place I imagine. So we four had a nice quiet evening and a dainty dinner together. They are very dear people, I think, quiet and unassuming, but most kind. They are all much interested in the new treasurer and new librarians at Yale.

And I had almost forgotten the tremendous dinner we had at the American Legation Tuesday evening. Five or six of us from the American School were honored with an invitation. We went in full dress and sat down to a sumptuous board. The table was perfectly round. In the middle were six big bunches of violets, and in between were strewn quantities of loose violets. The china and the courses vied with each other for variety and brilliancy. We were at table nearly two hours. Afterwards we talked and had music and watched Mrs. Jackson's niece smoke cigarettes. We all made up our minds beforehand not to be downed by the style, but to have a good time, and I'm sure the boys couldn't have acted up livelier. I am not quite sure how our frivolity struck the Jacksons, who are trained to the cold reserved manner of the diplomatic corps.

It is time to be off now to the office. I'll write you a note the middle of the week if I can find any news to make up for this short letter.

Goodbye with heaps of love from
Ed.M.

(Received Cleveland Feb. 3, 1905.)

Merlin House
Sunday

My dearest sister, —

I am freezing cold. We are having very cold weather for Athens, and I am feeling the lack of heat in my room. It was just as cold yesterday when I went to court to the 'baisement' or kissing of the queen's hand. Every one goes in full evening dress, as low neck as possible and no sleeves. There were about forty of us there dressed out most of them in gorgeously rich gowns and evening wraps. I felt like a country girl as I sat by the fire in a corner of the great ball room and watched it all. Finally the court marshal and the chief lady-in-waiting came to get us and we all filed through two breezy cold reception rooms to the throne room which we entered one by one. I was scared stiff at the time, though I had not given it a thought before, working in the library till the last minute. One advances to within a few steps of the queen, then makes a low curtsy, then advances again, takes her hand and curtsies over that, then the king's hand with a third curtsy, then a fourth thrown in general at the long line of princes and princesses and then the exit without turning one's back. I'm sure I don't know how mine went off. I'm afraid I did not duck low enough. This all happened at one o'clock p.m. Isn't it absurd?

This evening (Sunday) is the court ball. I haven't told the family that it came on Sunday. We got there at ten, so it makes little difference.

Life jogs on well with me. I am fat and lazy if I don't keep an eye on myself. However my paper is getting on. For the first time since it began I feel as if I were writing something which might be important or tolerably important. I shall take it

to Dr. Heermance within a week or so, and will write you what he says of it. He is getting nicer again, but is as perfectly impersonal as ever. As for me, I am just realizing that I have hustled too much in life. In spite of all the arguments you wrote last year to Gournia, I need to emphasize 'being' not 'doing'. Mr. Washburn said jocosely to Ray the other day "Oh, Edith is a hustler: she gets there every time!" I don't like that reputation. So I am wearing a veil, and speaking low, and trying to be as gracious as I can to even the freaks of my acquaintance. In spite of Dr. Heermance's stony heart life looks very attractive just now to me. If I can be of use to you and the Woodstock family, and be in general an intelligent cheerful friend, I shall not be lonely. Of the boys at the school this year there are four rarely fine fellows. Really I have never known such charming Americans as I have known here in Athens. It makes me feel a little queer to think of leaving this circle, and of joining a narrower, pedantic circle in some school or college. You must cheer me up next year if I am blue. I so much wish you could know these good people.

I saw Mrs. Bosanquet walking home from church today: it was the first time in many months for Mr. Bosanquet has had typhoid fever. She asked for my nephew, and when I said he was to have a little sister or brother in June, she said "Happy baby!" I think she might like to follow your example.

I must dress now for the ball. We all dine out at the Angleterre with Miss Kahnweiler first. It's rather a silly performance, but I shall doubtless be glad afterward that I have done it.

Lovingly
Edith.

Merlin House

Athens, Greece

February 7, 1905

My dear father and mother, -

We three have just finished our breakfast of bread and butter and honey in my room. It is snowing a little outside, so that we were debarred from breakfast on the terrace. The climate of Greece is certainly changeable. Sunday I was out all day long without a coat. To-day it looks like a New England snow storm out of doors.

I have such good cold baths in the morning. Ray lets me use her rubber tub before she has it, and with my Greek sponge, I stir up a lively spatter in the bath-room.

I had another ~~stage~~ ^{session} with the dentist last evening. He filled two teeth, and pulled my last wisdom-tooth. I thought I was all through, and had planned to make the last tooth-pulling the grand finale, but alas! that tooth had concealed a hole in its neighbor which now must be attended to. I have no hopes of getting off with less than fifty dollars. I think I have been at least fifteen times.

Sunday I stayed away from church the first time this year. It was a heavenly day, so Gisela and I decided to spend the morning on the Acropolis. First we skirted the Acropolis without going on top, climbing about on its rocky sides until we had made the whole circuit. Then later we sat in the Propylaea looking out between its massive columns at the little Nike temple and the blue sea and light luminous islands above which towered the snow capped mountains in the Peloponnese. Finally we climbed up in the Turkish minaret of the Parthenon and had a look at the parts of the frieze which are still in situ. Sunday afternoon Mr. Washburn and I went for a long tramp to the end of Hymettos to see the monastery of St. John the Hunter.

I have not been out to dinner or luncheon this week.

But we have had several teas on hand with Miss Pesel, with Mrs. Jackson — at the embassy — the Shicas and the Simopoulos family where we had another big sit-down tea with dancing afterward. Next Sunday Miss Kahnweiler is giving a German dinner for Dr. Dörpfeld to which Gisela and I are invited.

I have had two problems come to me this week. First Miss Kahnweiler, who is very wealthy, asked me to come and live with her for the rest of the year. She has a companion whom she does not like and whom she would be glad to send away. She would pay all my expenses at the Angleterre and would demand nothing but table-talk and to go with her for calls and help entertain etc. She asked me in the nicest sort of way and at first I was tempted. But latterly decided that I should lose much personal freedom, would get a little less work done and would not save such a great deal of money thereby. I must borrow some money anyway to tide me over the last expenses of getting home, but I would scarcely have made up that amount in my stay with her.

Was I wrong? She is so nervous that she nearly has St. Vitus dance, and she is a little worldly in spite of a generous heart.

The other problem was a pair of stormy letters from Miss Boyd, one to Dr. Heermance and one to me scolding us for doing with my paper just what she told us to do. At first I was a little angry, but when I thought of how unbalanced her mind is, it passed away, and Dr. Heermance and I quite enjoyed collecting and arranging all the evidence by which we would vindicate ourselves in her mind. It worked out very neatly, because he had kept letters on file which proved that it was she not we who had departed from the plan agreed upon.

But what a petty business to fill up a letter with. My paper is my one great interest, but I cannot

of course expect you to be interested in the minor points of Cretan pottery. I have about half of what I think would make a doctor's thesis finished, and I so much enjoy working upon it. Writing a doctor's thesis had always been a great bug-bear to me, and now it turns out a great pleasure.

Your last letter was such a good one, mother, telling me so much news. How kind the Chandlers were to talk of sending me a hundred dollars. I would not accept it however. This debt I shall want to be a purely business affair, and I have confidence of paying it up together with the \$120 I owe father within a year. I feel sure I shall get a position somewhere, although nothing is as yet settled upon. When Miss Bourland finished her work for a doctor's degree and began teaching at Smith, she was \$800 in debt. Accordingly I shall not worry if I begin next fall with \$300 debt. I have learned more of method and material in the time I have been here than in the rest of my studying in other places, and it is worth paying that much for. I can't quite decide whether to borrow of Miss Butler or Miss Kahnweiler. So don't worry about me for a minute, for I don't worry myself. Unless I was sure you wouldn't, I would not write, but I like to have you keep track of my affairs.

Good-bye for this time with a great deal of love to you both, from

Edw.

P.S. Postcard rec'd - glad you liked the doilie.

Merlin House
February 7, 1905.

My dearest Anne, —

I have taken solid comfort in both your last letters, till now unanswered and in the three pictures of Warner. The November one I carry in my watch: the other two are on my writing-table. I have shown them all three to all ages and sexes at the American School and to the Bosanquets, and they are all envious. Gisela and Ray are particularly devoted admirers: when Ray was ill the other day, I left the picture of him in his little chair with her, and she said it comforted and cured her. She wants a copy of the standing one by the fence and Gisela the one in a chair. Could you send them?

Life is moving at a pretty lively rate with me just now. I haven't told you before, have I, that Mr. Shear, the Johns Hopkins P.H.D. at the school and I are going to do a little exploring in Crete on our own hook. I don't expect to find anything except experience. Miss Boyle, a dear English lady who has been at the Merlin all winter, is going to chaperone us. We expect to leave the last of February. I am saying nothing about it at home as yet. On February 24 I speak at an open meeting of the American School. The paper, my last summer's one, is ready, but I have another set of drawings to make, to arrange on plates and photograph, and the thing to get firmly in my head. ~~The~~ Hamilton has written for another 'Independent' article which I am trying to do at spare moments. Of this, too, I'm saying nothing at home so as to give them a shock some Thursday when they open their 'Independent.'

I love the work I am doing on my paper just now. It is an attempt to show when and to what extent Mykenian design was influenced by contemporary Egyptians. How perverse it is of

me to have become thoroughly interested in my work only just before I leave.

I don't like 'Hayward Grayford' a little bit. It sounds too much like 'Hey diddle di diddle di etc.' Personally I am tired of attempts to get unusual names either from the stock family surnames or the romantic cycle of Gerald, Wallace etc. I should like him named John or Tom. I like Frances better than Frank, but object to either on the rich relative or friend basis. I should have twins and name them John and Jane. However, I have now grown fond of 'Warner' and shall of whatever other name you choose, provided it is not 'Hayward'. I like 'Robert'. The nicest boy at the American School this year is named Chandler Post. You might follow suit in memory of Woodstock days.

(It is great that Eleanor and Mary are both coming. Give them both my love, and have lots of good times and talks with them.)

No more to-night. I must turn to Noack's Homerische Paläste which I should have been doing long ago.

Take good care of yourself and remember I love you dearly. With love to Paul and Warner,

Affectionately,
Ed.R.

Merlin House
Sunday, February 12, 1905

My dearest father and mother, -

It is another glorious sunny Sunday. I have just been walking back Kephisia road under the pepper-trees from the Hotel d'Angleterre, whither I went to take a rhyme and a drawing of a ram for Miss Kahnweiler to use at dinner to-night for dinner cards. She tells me I am to sit between Dr. Schrader and Dr. Heermance so I am sure to hear some conversation worth listening to. I wish you were coming too. Mother would enjoy it thoroughly. Remember how we went to Miss Jordan's reception together at my commencement, mother?

Dr. Heermance announced to me early this week that he should like me to speak at an open meeting of the school on February 24th, Friday. Consequently I have been working ever since getting my lantern-slides for the lecture ready. All my drawings made last summer I had sent off to America, and are now at the publishers. Had I been an experienced author, or known that I should be called upon to speak at an open meeting I should have photographed them before I sent them away. As it is, I have had to ink in about two hundred small drawings, cut them out, and paste them on large squares of white paper, ready to be photographed. It is nearly done now. My paper is ready except for a few slight changes but I must give a good deal of time to getting it well in hand. Day before yesterday we had an open meeting at the American School at which Dr. Heermance and Mr. Stevens spoke. Both addresses were excellent, especially Mr. Stevens' who proved that there were windows in the East wall of the Erechtheion. Dr. Dörpfeld and other famous people present were enthusiastic in their praise. The Americans are winning now a reputation for sound scholarship here in Athens. And

all this sends my heart into my boots when it sets me such a pace to keep up to in my paper. However I hope to keep cool and unflustered about it.

The new student at the American School has arrived, a Miss Nora Jenkins, daughter of a famous Dresden dentist. She bids fair to be quite agreeable.

We have been having a very quiet time at the Mer-
lin lately. At table there are only four of us, Miss Boyle and
we three girls. But to-day Frau Grotjohann arrives from
Egypt, and on Thursday Mr. Dawkins' sister from England and
Miss Kahnweiler and her companions from the Angleterre. I
am rather sorry to have our cosy little company broken up.

Thursday morning.

It is a shame that my Sunday letter is as yet un-
mailed. Callers interrupted Sunday. I thought I should finish
it Tuesday before mail time but had quite forgotten that I
had an early 8 a.m. appointment with the dentist. You will
be glad to hear that at last I am through with him. I
am sure he has done good work for me and has saved me
from worse times later, so I don't regret it. It cost me \$42.00

Mother's splendid long letter came Tuesday evening. What
weather you have been having! I wonder how I shall like
such storms next winter. I hope Mrs. Child's visit was not
entirely a trial. It is indeed a great thing to have a girl
like Guma in the kitchen. Do get her to stay until I come
if you can.

I was glad to hear that you thought Miss Butler glad
to lend me some money. I shall write to her for \$100, I
think. Everybody seems sure that I will get a position, al-
though I know as yet of nothing definite. I am writing
to Mrs. Young Fulton by this mail.

Yesterday I gave all my plates for slides to Dr.
Heermance and he has taken them to the German School

to be made up by their men. I feel committed to the game now.

The dinner Sunday evening went off most successfully. I talked German to Dr. Schrader and English to Dr. Heermance, of course. We were a small congenial party, and everybody seemed perfectly at ease and comfortable. I had a long talk after dinner with Mr. Dawkins about Crete and Cretan things. He divulged to me a discovery which he has made lately about Cretan pottery, and which he will give soon at an open meeting. He is a peculiar man to look at. He has a shaggy head of red hair and when he talks he fixes his eyes on some part of your clothes like a button, and directs all his conversation and gestures at that. We three girls have great fun discussing the characters of all these men at the two schools. I always stand up for Dr. Heermance and Mr. Dawkins for they are a rugged manly sort even if they lack all the polish and little amenities which the others have e.g. the Boston Mr. Stevens.

Six of us are planning a trip to some of the islands and Asia Minor sites for the last of April. I am going to spend the \$10 you gave me for Christmas to take me on from there to Constantinople for four or five days. Do you approve? All rates on railroads and steamboat lines are to be cut in two during the Congress season, so that the trip we plan in the Peloponnese, and this island trip will both come much cheaper than otherwise.

Forgive me for writing so late, and accept lots and lots of love as ever.

Edith.

Merlin House
 Sunday
 Feb. 26, 1905

My dearest father and mother, —

This week has brought several pieces of news worth recording. On Monday I received the report of my class at college. Out of 185 members 66 are married. It has been such a pleasure to pick up the report whenever I come in and to read up what everybody has been doing. I think Smith girls — especially the 99'ers — are about the best made.

On Thursday a party of eight of us went to Sunium, the southernmost point in Attica. We went by train as far as Leucon and then part by carriage and part on foot to an old Poseidon temple which for the last 2200 years has crowned a stony crag on the end of the peninsula. We had to do our walking fast, as there was not too much time between trains. It was a clear still day with a sparkling blue sky. Luckily there was no wind for Sunium is a windy place. We all took off our hats and rolled up our sleeves and thoroughly enjoyed the tramp. The temple could be seen long before we reached it, its broken columns shining in the sunlight. It differs from any other Greek temple I know in that its marble is still perfectly white. All the Pentelic marble used on the Acropolis is now as you know, a golden brown. We lunched in the temple, Mr. Stevens indulging in a swim in the meantime. I envied him. He said it was not so very cold. After luncheon we studied the temple remains for half an hour, and then scrambled back across the beach through vineyards and along cart-paths to the Laurion station. Ray Berenson is always the life of these trips. She is very quick and witty, and always getting some joke off on someone that amuses everybody else. We all know one another so well at the school now, that it is like

a big family party.

Friday was the fatal day of my lecture. I went up to the school in the morning to put up my maps and truck, and to number my lantern slides. In the afternoon I washed my hair to keep my mind off my sorrows, donned my blue dress in a very leisurely way and then went up to Mrs. Bosanquet's for tea. I thus managed to keep tolerably cool, and did not mind it after the first few sentences were spoken. The room was packed. I enclose a note from Mrs. Bosanquet. She sent it down that evening. It pleased me very much. Dr. Heermance said "You done noble," so I think he was satisfied, though one never hears in words his approval, - at least I don't, I won't speak for everybody else.

I felt ten years younger when it was over. And yesterday (Saturday) I had a great holiday to celebrate the victory.

Dr. Heermance, Dr. Hoppin, Mr. MacMahon and I bicycled all the way round Hymettos, - some forty miles, and this time my wheel did not break down. We thought it was going to, for the tire had begun to slip when we were down by Hadrian's Arch here in Athens, but we got some cloth to tie it with, blew it up as hard as we could and started off. The sights and sounds and smells of that ride! After a hard stretch in a head-wind across a plain we reached the shore near the ancient Cape Kolias where they used to get their clay for vases. We were up above the sea in a pine grove, and the fragrance of these trees seemed to include all the smells of spring I ever breathed. The blue sea was dancing below, peasant boys were jogging by occasionally on their donkeys singing, as they always do on sunny days, their minor songs. Dr. Hoppin kept getting tired and falling behind so the rest of us would sit quietly by the roadside in some pleasant place like this and wait for him. After we had rounded the southern

end of Hymettos we came to the village of Vari above which in the mountain-side is a cave, the seat of worship in classical times, many carvings in which were done by a certain Archidemos of Thera, who has left a delicious relief of himself in the act of carving these sculptures. The cave was high up on the mountain side so we locked our wheels and hid them in some more fragrant pines and junipers below and climbed up without them. We had a gorgeous view of the Saronic gulf and Attica, and found each of us a comfortable place on some warm stones where we could have our luncheon and face this view. We were a very merry party, Dr. Hoppin keeping things lively for us all. His eggs were too soft so he threw them one after another as fast as he could at a pine tree. He and Dr. Heermance are in such sharp contrast. He is peppery, and quick, talking like a water-fall and exaggerating most everything he tells. Dr. Heermance is slow and precise and gets off his jokes in this way rather:— We had just frightened badly a mule hitched to a two wheeled cart. He had wheeled around as soon as he met us so that we all passed him coming up from behind. I said, — 'Well that's a queer way to drive, to turn your horse away from the terrifying object' and Dr. Heermance drawled out, — 'I guess the mule did that turning pretty much by himself!'

The cave was really a hole in the ground, so that it was rather ticklish work getting down into it. After we had explored the main part, we were trying to see how far we could go down into the ground. Dr. Hoppin and I were in one corner, lighting matches every minute and feeling our way, when splash bang! and Dr. Hoppin had fallen into a well. I was alarmed at first, for sometimes wells in caves are very deep. This, however, was only up to his waist, so I was spared the necessity of diving in after him. I called ~~up~~^{out} 'Is it very deep?' and from the pitchy blackness below came the reply 'plenty deep enough.'

Coming home on this ride was great fun. We stopped in one village for coffee and rest, and then ploughed on as best we could. Dr. Hoppin got fearfully tired, and all three of the men were fully as used up as I. Luckily the last five miles were slightly down-grade, and a little wind sprang up to help us, so that we simply flew back into Athens. I stopped in for tea at the Heermances and then came home for a cold bath. You say you fear I will be spoiled for the daily round life. Can you wonder when now, without paying a cent, I can be off all day in such company in such a country? All the peasants were working in their vineyards yesterday, and the brown fields they had just hoed up made beautiful contrasts with the green pines and grayish blue rock.

An excursion party of 600 Americans settled down in Athens the first of the week. A great many of them saw 'American School' in their Baedekers' and paid us a visit, thinking, I imagine, that they would find some mission. ~~Indeed~~ school where natives were taught to weave baskets etc. One afternoon six parties of them walked into the library one after another, and each sent us into fits of laughter.

I lunched with the Heermances Tuesday, and I have dinner here to-night. Tuesday the invitation was given because Ray and Gisela were off at Eleusis and they knew I would have been more or less alone, and to-day it was given because it was my last Sunday before the Cretan expedition. Did you ever see kinder people?

To-morrow I pack. I hope not to repack the bottom of my trunk before coming home. Indeed I should be very happy to buy the class a photograph. If they tell me the price and the general field, Greek Sculpture, architecture, Italian painting or architecture, I will do my best.

I'm glad Sterling is gone, if father's work is less. It often seems absurd for me to be skirmishing round Crete

instead of being at home. I wonder which training is really better for a woman. I've learned a lot abroad, but I long to get home.

Good bye for this time. The next letter will be from the Knossos Hotel, at Candia.

With lots and lots of love,
Edna.

Knossos Hotel
 Candia, Crete
 March 4, 1905

My dearest father and mother, —

Here I am back to my old haunts again, and quite like home it seems. At every corner I meet an old friend, a muleteer, a shop-keeper or a boatman who greets me most cordially and asks all sorts of polite questions about my health and travels and about Miss Boyd and Mr. Seager. But the chronological method is the best so I'll go back to last Monday.

Mr. Shear and I started off at about eight to purchase our excavating apparatus. It was great fun buying 20 metre-tapes and T-squares and drawing paper, and paper for taking squeezes of inscribed stones. All the afternoon I packed, stopping only for a good-bye tea on the roof of the American School. The next morning at ten Mr. Shear drove up in the carriage which was to take us to Piræus. We were quite a load counting all our suit-cases and knap-sacks and also Ray and Gisela who had come along to see us sail. We expected to sail at twelve, but put off at four. And in the meantime we had experiences. We drove first to the Steamship Office of our line. Mr. Shear and I got out to buy the tickets and to call out our friend Mr. Tom Russell who sees to giving us half rates to which as members of the school we are entitled. While at the ticket window, I felt something brushing near my pocket in my blue coat where my purse was, and brought my hand down at once and saw it was there all right. A minute later while leaning against the wall with Mr. Shear and waiting for Mr. Russell, I felt the same, but this time my purse was gone. I told Mr. Shear and he stepped into the door to prevent anyone's leaving the office but already the Thief had been caught, for a doury sea-captain in the employ of the company had seen the first

attempt, and was watching the man closely. As soon as he took it, he began clubbing him about the head and got the purse away. There was a rare fracas for a little, but the police came and the poor man was taken off to court, and I too, to tell the tale. But the juiciest part of the whole story is the account in the newspapers. In one there was a short notice of the attempt to rob the rich young American woman.

'Irtid Xox'

while in another appeared this account: —
(translated).

"At the moment in which three American ladies were buying tickets for Crete yesterday in the office of the John MacDowell & Barboor company, a pick-pocket drawing near succeeded in taking from the pocket of one of the ladies a purse containing \$250(!). Full of joy, the thief was ready to depart when a powerful hand seized him. It was the hand of a captain of the company, one Svoronos, who had seen the event. Svoronos took the purse from the pick-pocket and restored it to its owner, who, struck dumb by the occurrence, thanked Svoronos most warmly and gave to him as a remembrance, her visiting card and photograph (!). The pickpocket was taken prisoner to the city police office."

My troubles did not cease after we had arrived on board, for we sailed into rough seas and high winds as soon as we got out of Peiraeus harbor. I retained my good luncheon eaten in Peiraeus for just about an hour, and then began performances which repeated themselves all day and all night and till noon the next day. Someway sea-sickness doesn't use me up as much as some. I stayed up on deck a long time with Mr. Shear after Miss Boyle had been reduced. We would discuss methods of Greek teaching or the origin of the Greek alphabet, and then I would

say with dignity 'I must go', and he would at once go down stairs for a glass of water to have it ready when I had done, and then we would resume the conversation where we had left it. Mr. Shear has written great stories home to Athens about it all.

You can imagine how good it was to finally reach Canea and to get ashore in the clean little Trench hotel there. I hadn't been able to get off even my collar or my skirt the night before until 2 a.m. when the boat stopped for a little off Melos, and I hadn't washed even my hands until we got ashore. Well, we got cleaned up and had a good dinner and then wearily went back to the boat for the rest of the journey to Candia. Luckily there was no more pitching and breaking of waves over the decks, but only a wide steady roll. We all managed to stay up on deck and kept up our courage by discussing all the people we had known in Athens the winter before.

We got in at midnight, and through the customs and in our hotel an hour later. I had telegraphed for rooms under the name Xōn, by which I go here and they were expecting us. All the town ^{of Candia} knows about our proposed expedition to the Diktynnian peninsula. Our government permit has not arrived yet, but we expect it daily. If all goes well we start West ~~on~~ Thursday. We hope to get a trained Kavarisi workmen to start out with us. I expect him to-morrow. The museum is finer than ever. I should so like to settle down here for a month and work. You asked for the subject of my paper, mother: it is "Mycenean Design", or "a Study in Mycenean Design." I haven't got so far as the title yet.

Mr. Xanthoudides has just made a splendid haul of early vases. I spent a good deal of time the first day in looking them over. In the afternoon we had tea on the terrace and then took a walk around the English Camp. The regiment was changed the night I came, the King's

Royal Rifles coming in.

Friday we three went out to Knossos, Miss Boyle on a mule, Mr. Shear and I on foot. We found Mr. Mackenzie here who showed us about from one end of the palace to the other, the first time I have ever had it all explained to me. It was perfectly fascinating. We lunched on the site, and after more prowling about in the afternoon went over to Mr. Mackenzie's house for tea. He gave me many points on pottery, and told me a great deal. We are going to tea with him again on Sunday when he is to tell me more.

Sunday

The country here is inexpressibly beautiful. Everything is so much greener than in Greece, and the profusion of wild flowers seems even more lovely than last year. There is a kind of purple iris here with orange markings inside and a fragrance like that of hot-house violets. I picked a big bunch for Mrs. Heermance's room. For yesterday, Mrs. and Miss Heermance, Miss Jenkins and Ray arrived from the Piraeus. They had had a rough passage too, but nothing like ours. They did not get here till noon, so yesterday was spent quite quietly in the museum and around town.

This morning Ray, Miss Jenkins and Mr. Shear started off to Phaistos. The whole town assembled in the street to see them off. I do hope Ray won't fall again. She doesn't know the slightest thing about riding. After this excitement we all went up to church in the English camp and enjoyed hearing the men singing although there was no band as with the Yorkshire Light Infantry.

Mrs. Heermance brought me mother's last letter. I am so sorry that the material in the school is not more promising. I should so like to stay home next year and lend a hand. How do you think it would do to live in Woodstock except for the excavating season to be spent here? Miss Boyd says

she wants me to come if she attempts again a big dig. In the meantime I might earn a little by lectures. Anyway that is an alternative so that we need not be concerned so very deeply if no good position appears.

It was somewhat strange that the day before mother's letter came I had secured a little pitcher for Mrs. Sampson. It is very small and not beautiful, but it is 3500 years old. It cost me nothing. I only hope I can get it home safely. Remember me to her.

Is Harold's engagement authentically announced? If so, please give him my congratulations and good wishes. He and I have talked over the problems of life so many times, that I cannot let such an important event pass unnoticed.

Now don't worry if a long silence follows this letter. We are going far out into the wilderness and don't know yet about the mails there. I will write you all about it. I do hope we will find something.

Lovingly,
Edin.

Saturday, March 18, '05
 Sonia Monastery
 Krete.

My dearest father and mother, —

At last I have some time to tell you about our doings during the last two weeks. The last proper letter was written Sunday, March 5th, wasn't it? Monday of that week I put in a good day's work in the museum, stopping only to take the Heermances around to Teufik Bey's shop to see his embroideries. Tuesday I went out to Knossos again with the Heermances and Miss Boyd. Mr. Mackenzie again showed us all about the excavations, and since it was a little windy, asked us to eat luncheon down in his house, which meant eventually, to lunch with him. He is a charming man, very slow, serious and deliberate but kind as can be. I think he thoroughly enjoyed a little human fellowship. He and I had a good many talks on pottery during the course of the day. Miss Boyd and I wanted to come home via the Royal Tomb excavated last year, but we were unlucky in running into a fearful rain and hail storm. It struck us while out in ploughed fields and fields of tall weeds, and we got not only drenched but covered with mud. We saw the tomb at the climax of the storm, so did not have much time to observe the details of its construction!

That night Ray, Miss Jenkins and Mr. Shear got back from Phaistos. Luckily Ray had had no falls this time. The next day we saw them started back to Athens. They had all enjoyed their trip thoroughly, even Mrs. Heermance who is now pretty old for such banging about. She and Miss Heermance are very set in their ways, and rather fussy to travel with. Their tickets must be bought days ahead, and each worries for fear the other will eat something which will disagree with her. We had hoped to get off the next day, but the boat we had expected to take did not make a trip

That week so we were forced to ~~stay~~ till Saturday. I filled up my time by writing on my paper, and taking one glorious mad horseback ride with Mr. Shear. I was so lame for two days afterward that I could scarcely walk.

We had written to Kavousi for one of Miss Boyd's best workmen to come and make the trip with us, and on Monday evening he turned up, weary and footsore from three days walking across the island, but eager to help us. It has been great fun to have him with us, for he has never been in a town or in a steamboat before.

Saturday the 11th, we set sail in the Austrian Lloyd, for Xavíá. Miss Boyd went first class, but Mr. Shear and I saved money by going third. It was windy and cold, but we found a sheltered place in the bow, and killed time by reading Homer and learning Shakespeare sonnets. We got to Xavíá at dusk, and had the usual confused landing. All three of our umbrellas got broken off in getting into the small boat. Crowds of Turks were scrambling about us and we could scarcely see the ladder to go down on or hear one another speak in the uproar. We got all our stuff through the customs at last and established ourselves in the 'Hotel de France' just in time for an excellent dinner.

The next day dawned beautifully clear and still and sunny. We had ordered two beasts the evening before and by nine o'clock we had all our things tied on to them and were starting out of the town, Miss Boyd and I on the beasts, Mr. Shear on foot. The great range of White Mountains which lie just back of Xavíá was covered for over half its height with glistening new fallen snow. They made a glorious contrast to the green wet plains through which our road lay. We had many rivers to ford during the morning. Mr. Shear jumped on one of our horses behind to escape wetting, but Nikolas (our Kavousi workman) and the Turkish muleteer waded them all. We stopped at a little coffee house by the roadside

at noon, and sat down in the middle of the road to a luncheon of eggs and bread. We were joined by a man who had visited a cave in the country we are to explore, and said he had found a bronze knife there. We arranged to have him guide us ^{rather} the next day, and then went on our way again. We arrived here at the monastery at 3.45. The monks were not particularly hospitable.

Until we had deposited a gift of thirty francs (#6) in the church. Then they did their best for us, ^{but} we suffered disappointment that evening in not drawing one bite of dinner. I had not ordered it because I thought they would know that we wanted to be fed even as last year. So we were ~~for~~ driven to devouring each of us a large slice of peasant's bread helped along by water only. The next morning Mr. Shear and I were on the road before seven accompanied by Nikolas and a guide to explore the cave where the bronze knife was found. We stopped at a village on the way to eat sweets and play with babies.

We arrived at the cave about nine and went in. At first there was a good sized opening in which a man could stand erect, but from this we had to crawl through a small hole into a dark warm puddly inner chamber from which numerous other small caverns opened through narrow passages through which we had to wriggle while lying in pools of water. We got out a fairly good number of pottery fragments, but we can lay claim to no great discovery for that, since an Englishman reported ten years ago that Mykesean sherds were to be found here. That afternoon we scoured the surrounding hills for other caves or rock shelters but found none.

The next day, still perfect weather, Mr. Shear and I went up in a sail-boat to the end of the peninsula to look over the land there. We had with us the demarch of the village who knew, so he said, just where graves with gold leaf and beautiful vases were to be found. Nikolas and another man

dug a trial trench and turned up a few obsidian blades, and that appearing a good sign, we decided to go up there for two or three days digging. It was a beautiful long sail up there and back. We learned two more Shakespeare sonnets and talked Greek by the hour, — I mean by that talked of Greek studies and Greek things. Mr. Shear is always glad to tell of his experiences at Johns Hopkins. He is going to get me copies of his examination papers to help me study up for my Ph.D. exams, if I am ever ready for them.

Miss Boyle was game for the expedition, so we bought a lot of food — potatoes, bread, 8 eggs (all we could get) lemons ~~Xalvá~~ (a Turkish sweet) and sugar, and borrowing a mattress and some blankets from the monastery set sail again. We arrived about four and tugged all our belongings up the mountain-side from the port to the monastery of St. George. A solitary monk lives there in a little white-washed house beside a tiny little white-washed church. In a bigger house adjoining were two empty rooms filled with all kinds of truck. The dear old man was nearly beside himself at seeing his boxes moved to strange places and his bags hanging from strange pegs. The floor was of dirt and was full of mountains and valleys. Miss Boyle and I shared a bed made of planks and covered with hay. As Miss Boyle said it was just the sort of place she imagined she would wake in if captured by brigands.

As to the archaeology side of this report there is unfortunately little to tell. We kept on finding stray obsidian blades here and there mixed with most uninteresting pottery. We fairly riddled the whole hill with trial trenches, but the far-famed graves proved mostly a fable. We were up there altogether for three nights. Our food consisted for the most part of goats' milk bought from the shepherds and bread. It was great fun. Mr. Shear and I had one magnificent swim in the cove nearby. But the best thing of all was

getting acquainted with that dear simpleminded old monk who lives there all alone by himself. In the winter the shepherds keep him company, but in the summer they take their goats and sheep up into the mountains and leave him to himself. He has a little private system of philosophy worked out by himself which it is delightful to hear him tell about. His language is very pure Greek, because he reads his New Testament and prayers so much. His food is mostly olives and bread and milk, but his health is perfect.

Sunday

Yesterday afternoon and this morning Mr. Shear and I have been walking up and down this country prying into caves and looking everywhere for antiquities. Tomorrow we go back to the big cave to wriggle some more through puddles and finish getting out the Mykenean pottery there. Tuesday we start West with Nikolas to hunt caves.

Mother's letter enclosing Cousin Martha's reached me yesterday. I am glad all these peregrinations are affording amusement to somebody. I'm beginning to be fearful of their yielding much else. I am well and happy when not thinking of my sins.

Yours as ever,
Edith.

Hotel de France
Canea, Crete.
March 25, 1905

My dearest father and mother, —

If I am not mistaken this will be the cold grey dawn of the morning after Rhetoricals. I thought of you often yesterday and hoped all was going well with you. Every day now I am happy at the thought of coming home. Before I was thinking of this trip to Crete, and of ending up the year's work, but now as the time draws near, I keep thinking of Woodstock and home, and no one knows how glad I shall be to get there.

We had hoped by this time today to be half way to Athens, over the sea. But the Italian boat which we expected yesterday at noon has failed to appear. She left Catania all right three days ago, but has not been heard of since, as there is no Marconi telegraph system here. I slept last night with my clothes on ready to go, but waked this morning to find no news. I fancy we shall get back to Athens to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon some time.

Our expedition is over. Yesterday we carried to the museum here our small hoard of finds. Whether they will be enough to make a separate article or not, I don't know. From that big mysterious cave to which we went back again to wriggle through more mud and puddles, we got out some very nice clean sherds dating from the end of the Mykenean age. They are of ^a little importance inasmuch as we can make a definite statement now, and show our evidence for it as to the Mykenean remains there. And it is of some small importance also that we found obsidian blades and a few neolithic sherds out by the little monastery on the very end of the Diktynnaian peninsula. One inscribed stone which Mr. Shear is working over, ekes out our incomes, but it is all very commonplace and far from brilliant. But on the whole I do not regret it. For while at the museum in Candia I corrected and cleared up many points in my paper, and during the three

weeks

^ Since, we have got archaeological experience besides so much to enjoy. It has cost no more living this way for a month, than a month's expenses in Athens cost. Things are so delightfully cheap here. Day before yesterday e.g. en route from the monastery we stopped at a little roadside coffee-house. We each had three fried eggs, delicious bread and black olives, a lettuce salad fresh from the garden, chalvá (a Turkish sweet, that we have eaten quantities of on this trip) and coffee, and paid sixteen cents apiece for it. And then there is the long line of days spent in the open which I can never forget. I can walk all day long now from sunrise to sunset, and not feel the worse for it. If you still have the map of Crete handy, get it out and trace our last walk. We left the Goniá monastery at seven and walked westward through Σινυρά to Κατελλί where we lunched at noon. Then we started on again and by three had reached the sea. We spent two hours looking over the site of Koutri, and then turned back, and made Κατελλί again by night. Measured in kilometres this walk is not very long, but you must think of two good-sized mountain ranges which we passed, and of no roads better than a rough cart-path full of stones. We forded streams after stream, just as often getting into the water as keeping out of it. One pair of shoes gave out on the road, and I walked most of the way back in some old tennis shoes. We reached the monastery at noon the next day, and I was a bit tired. Walking to Putnam and back would be nothing for me now. I only wish I could keep in such training.

Nikolaos has proved an excellent workman and companion as well. He had hard work to keep up to our pace in walking, but he always kept cheerful, and told us many stories of the wars of Turks and Christians here in the island. I wish you could know some of these good simple friends of ours. One of the pleasantest we have made on this trip was a shepherd boy of Koutri. He remembered me as having been here last year

and at once came out and called his dogs off and greeted us warmly. He was followed by a train of fuzzy Santa Clauses each wrapped in a shaggy white capota (a hooded coat) and all glad to see us. They had all been good friends of Miss Bate's last year, and told us of how she had swum out to a little island to dig out some fossil bones. But the black eyed shepherd boy was our favorite. He followed at our heels all the while we were there, asking us all sorts of questions about ourselves and America. It was great to see him throw stones at his sheep. He could throw a tremendous distance and so accurately that the stone would land just behind the last straggling sheep and bring him up into line. As we were leaving, he begged us to come to his hut for a little refreshment. So we did and had first a drink of water from his gourd tied up with leather thongs, and then watched him make preparations to feed us. He washed carefully two big wooden spoons which he had made himself, and then a big earthenware basin which he proceeded to fill with some sort of curds made of sour milk. From an old bag which hung from the ceiling he took down a loaf of dark bread and broke it up for us and bade us sit down on two stones in front of his door. We could not, try as we could, eat his curds, but we pretended to, and then said good-bye to him, and left him there with his sheep.

I am to stay with Miss Kehnweiler for a little when I get back to Athens. It may be for only a few days if I decide to give chase to Gisela, Miss Dawkins and Mr. Washburn who are down in the S.W. Peloponnese.

But I shall let you know later. Much love now and best wishes for the vacation.

Affectingly,
Ed.R.

American School Library
Friday Evening, April 7, 1905.

My dearest father and mother, —

I have just been re-reading father's very gossipy letter of February 26ⁿ, and mother's of the next day. Your letter of March 6th did not come till last night, a week after its successor, for it had been down to Crete and back again. I want to get home more than I can tell you. Apart from all the disadvantages of living three months with half-packed luggage, I cannot wait to see that town and the dear old Academy. I shall arrive without money, and, it appears, without a job, but I shall do my best to retrieve my reputation by getting something and if I can't, shall direct all my energies toward finishing up my work for a Ph.D. There is always room at the top, and I like my work so well now that I feel I should enjoy nothing better than aiming toward that goal. We shall see. In the meantime don't worry about me.

I am so glad Emma Allen was available, and so glad that mother is getting some new clothes. I have had a new silk lining put in my blue coat, have had the skirt repressed, and to-day in half an hour's time bought one of the prettiest and cheapest straw hats for every day which I ever had. So I shall by no means come home a rag-bag.

How fine it will be to have new seats in the Academy hall. I shall be glad to tell anybody who wants to hear about my experiences in Greece. Mr. Shear who is sitting here at the same table with me, has just given me some sixty photographs which he has taken in Crete and Greece. He has an excellent camera and has done first class work with it. I fussed a good deal about accepting so much from him but finally gave in. He feels indebted to me for the Cretan expedition, because he will use what little material we got for his school paper this year, so I suppose he is

trying to pay off his debts by giving me photographs. I shall so much enjoy showing all these to you.

We got home last night at nine after a glorious trip. I shall not write it all out for you day by day. It is down in my diary which some rainy winter's day I can read to you. For two days we were walking from sunrise to sunset covering each day over thirty miles of very rough roads. They weren't roads at all, mere trails over mountains and valleys. They say we walked thirty-seven miles one day, but I doubt it. We ate whatever came handy, mostly the peasant bread, black olives, Xalvá and eggs. Often, when we were having a long pull with short fare, we would stop somewhere and swallow two raw eggs apiece all around. So you need not talk about coming down to Woodstock fare. Raw eggs and bread and milk are plenty enough for me. I was never so tough and strong in my life, and never, I believe, so black.

Our first day's walk was from Olympia to Andritsaena, the second from Andritsaena to Diabolistza. I slept on the floor in both places and slept well. We were seeing glorious mountain scenery all the way. First it was Erymanthus in the North and then Taygetos and Ithome in the South. You can't imagine what fun it is to walk through a country as we did, leaving one mountain range behind us, and saying good-bye to it from the top of some ridge only to traverse a valley and gain another ~~view~~ point with another glorious mountain-range in view.

We had good weather all the way, but on account of the preceding rains, the streams were very high and we often forded up to our knees.

No words can describe the beauty of those long, out of door days. The fragrance of the high pine groves through which our path often led or the sight of a green meadow gay with flowers, and the taste of these mountain springs

When we were hot and thirsty, I can never forget.

Archaeologically the great things of the trip were (not counting Olympia of which I wrote before) the Apollo temple at Phigaleia, the Messene fortifications, the situation of ancient Sparta, the battlefield of Mantinea and the Apollo temple at Tegea. The Phigaleia temple was the one on which I was examined in my architecture paper for the school fellowship. So I was glad to greet every stone of it as an old friend. It is situated on a mountain side in the midst of some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery I ever saw.

Our third night we slept in Kalamata, and the next day went over the longada pass to Sparta. It took us eleven hours to get through this pass, and all the while we were looking at magnificent scenery. For three hours we were up in the snow region surrounded by dazzling white peaks through which dark firs protruded. The air was like wine. I shall never forget the rugged outlines of Taygetos. Imagine the contrast when at sunset time we at last got down into the Spartan plain, covered with olive trees, mulberries and orange-groves, spotted with golden oranges.

All this part of Greece is migrating to America. We continually met Greeks who had been in 'See-cago' for a year, working on the railroad or selling apples. One man came up to me in the railroad station and called out, - "Hello! how's business? how is everybody?"! Thirty emigrants were on the train to Athens with us. They sail for America to-morrow. The scenes of parting at the station were very touching. I wanted to go straight home with them.

I reached home (= the Merlin) at nine last night, and, finding a reception on deck at ten, hurried into some clothes and went. I saw Miss Boyd for a few minutes - amicable conversation, and also Mr. Shica and many Greek friends whom I had not seen since I went to Crete. Mr. Shica has been

recalled to Roumania which makes them and everybody else very sad.

To-day the congress has opened in the Parthenon. All nations and climes are represented, and all languages spoken. It was rather a farce to-day, for no-one could hear anything. First the Crown Prince spoke in Greek, then the Commissioner of Education in French, then the directors of the various schools in their respective languages. To-morrow the real work of the Congress begins. I am going to hear the following lectures: 'Excavations in Egypt' B. P. Grenfell of Oxford, 'Excavations in Aegina' by Prof. Turtwaengler of Munich and 'Excavations in Kos' by Professor R. Herzog of Tübingen.

Saturday

Father's letter of March 19th enclosing Miss Shipley's has just been disclosed in my school drawer. My orbit is to be described as follows:— Next Thursday six of us set sail for Mykonos, Thera, Syra, Smyrna, Pergamon, Priene, Miletus, Ephesus and Constantinople. We shall be gone three weeks, until, says, May 10th. Then I shall stay two weeks here to finish up my paper and then travel to you as fast as I can. Miss Kahnweiler has asked me to go to Vienna with her and to travel all summer in Switzerland at her expense, but I have declined, because I neither want this nor can wait to get home. A letter from Margery which came last evening invited me to spend a week with her and her husband in Sicily, but I can't make connections with her, I fear, on account of our Asia Minor project. I should like to see the Greek temples of Sicily, but they must wait along with England and France for my next visit.

I am not so sure that the Shipleys would not pay well. They paid Miss Wright \$1500 and board. What I must do is to get on little capital in life and stop this hand-to-mouth living. I would gladly teach a couple of years at the Shipleys if I could thus lay by \$500 and pay my

debts.

Thank you father, for your offer of money. I decided to borrow of Miss Butler if she has the money convenient. I hope to hear from her next week. I have enough of my last letter of credit left to take me through Asia Minor. It will be only these two weeks in Athens, and my passage home for which I must borrow.

It is mail time, and I must stop, though I have not said the half. I shall be with you before your commencement.

Affectionately,

G. M. H. Hall.

P.S. Our Peloponnese trip cost me \$12.

The American School
 Sunday Evening
 April 9, 1905.

My dear Anne, —

I have two letters of yours before me to answer, one of February 21st, the other of March 20ⁿ. I hardly have heart to write a long letter. I want to see you so much tonight. You are in my mind every day and with very loving thoughts. Our lives have grown so different of late, and sometimes I feel so far away from you all. It has made me blue to come back to Athens. I keep thinking now that my days abroad are numbered and that I must leave it all, this beautiful, ~~seemingly~~ sunny intellectual life. God grant me the power of holding it all fresh in my mental vision and the interest to read and think throughout my life as those brave Hellenes did. Their art is in itself a religion, the search after the good, the beautiful and the true.

I have no job, and I am spending this month the last of my fellowship money. You must all have patience with me if it takes a little time to get on the harness, for during these two years all my work has been a pleasure and there has been plenty of incentive for ~~doing~~, doing it, and I have become something of a spoiled child. I am coming to know myself better: I have much push and enough determination but absolutely no foresight. From now on I shall be more wise in my plans.

Dr. Heernance is not for me. He is intellectually delightful, and I love to have him make plans for me, for I have such confidence in him. But personally he is not lovable. Mr. Shear, this young Johns Hopkins Ph.D. who has been running over Cete with me, is

the opposite. He is a dear loveable boy with sparkling eyes and dimples and nice hands. But he is younger and asks E. Hall's advice on things. So I take them both for friends and turn to the prospect of study and hard work. My heart is yours and the family's, and I am wanting badly to get home to you.

This letter might pass for that of a sentimental German, but it is Frühjahrs when sentiment flourishes. Excuse its egotism and open your arms to a great gift of love which I give you across the ocean.

E.D.R.

P.S. The Congress is in full swing, and I am meeting many famous people. We go to Asia Minor next Thursday and so from there to Constantinople. I shall not get home till June 10th at least. I shall not be happy here until I have seen you. I shall get the money to come somehow. I hope someday you will have another child so that I can have a chance of being a little use to you.

E. H. D.

P.S. Ray sends love.

P.S. 2. No, I like teas and dinners. As Gisela says, new people give you fresh material. For me people are a great means of education. But here conditions are exceptional, for we meet over and over again people who are in the same work ~~as~~ co we, so that conversation is rarely silly.

Thera, Greece.
April 16, 1905.

My dearest father and mother, —

It is a perfectly still and peaceful Sunday morning. I woke up early and saw the sun rise over the calm Aegean, and then after a nap and a bath have come down here to the dining room to write you a word. A cup of Turkish coffee to sip in the pauses stands beside me. The rest of the party are still in bed.

Thera or Santorini reminds me more of Capri than of any other place I have seen. It is a volcanic island of irregular shape rising sheer from the blue sea which you can picture. Its narrow ridge is crowned by several white villages to which one climbs by a long zig-zag path lined on either side by a white washed wall, so that this double zig-zag line against the dark volcanic stone of the mountain-side is one of the first sights to catch the eye on entering the harbor. The villages are built on various levels so that one finds oneself at every turn on a roof or terrace from which ^{may} a magnificent view of the sea and the islands to the north ~~can~~ be seen.

We are staying here longer than we had planned for the simple reason that we cannot get away. But there is a capital little museum here with some vases which are important for me, and some excavations to study, and besides one gets into the spirit of a place more after two or three days in it, so on the whole I am glad. We arrived yesterday at noon and spent the rest of the day in eating and having a sea bath.

The congress was a great treat and inspiration. To see all the learned archaeologists from all lands argue out questions together was a great sight, and never to be forgotten. We are a jolly party of old friends on this trip. We

are: — Ray, Gisela, Miss Jenkins, Mr. Shear, Mr. Washburn and I. Mr. Post is to join us for some of the Asia Minor sites and Mr. Sterens for Constantinople. We all occasionally under the influence of one of these wonderful tropical moonlight nights get a little sentimental over our last trip in Greece.

Yet I for ~~one~~ my part look forward with keen relish to work and American life. I have written to Miss Shipley on what conditions I would come viz. no work outside of teaching hours and \$1000 salary. Miss Boyd (who was quite amicable) and Professor Smith both wrote good letters to Mrs. Young Tilton about me, and I feel sure that even as late as June I shall be able to get something. Accordingly I am stating my conditions to Miss Shipley with no uncertain voice.

We go from Thera back to Syra for one night and from there to Delos and Mykonos. Then from Syra we go to Smyrna and make that our head-quarters for visits to Priene, Ephesus, Miletus, Pergamon etc. Then we besiege Troy for a few days and go from there to Constantinople for a week. We hope to get back by May 10ⁿ. If so I shall sail as I wrote on June 1st from Naples. But if we are delayed on this trip, I shall probably be a week later in leaving Naples. What time is commencement this year? I must be back for that.

I am so glad that Rhetoricals are a thing of the past. Perhaps Clarence will be still with you when this arrives. Do take good care of yourselves and keep well till I see you. I don't want to come home and find father tired out.

With best love

Edith.

(P.S. Is Emma with you until June?

E.H.H.)

Thera

April 17, 1905.

My dear Anne, —

This time in a little better frame of mind. We are on the march again, and glad I am to be off. To-day we have been looking at vases in the little museum here and reading big German tomes about the excavations which have been carried on here. Towards evening Mr. Shear and I went down to the coast and had a swim in some pounding surf. This is our third day here in this wonderful island which is as fair and bright as Capri. I was a little sorry at first to be stranded here for four days but apart from the picturesque beauty of the place, there has been a great deal to study and see. We are a very merry party that can always go without saying when Ray is along. She is the withest person I have ever known and always high spirited. And her sympathy is unbounded. I feel very differently toward her from what I did the first of the year. She still troubles me sometimes by making herself conspicuous in company etc etc, but I love her dearly. I find myself listening to her wit and merry pranks and trying to see how she does it. Every meal at table is a whole picnic, and not, you may be sure, because of fine fare. We eat whatever comes handy and if nothing comes handy we drink water. And I never felt better in my life. We go from here to Syra and thence by sailboat to Delos and Mykonos. Then on to Smyrna and the Asia Minor sites and last of all to Constantinople. How I wish, my dear sister, you could go with us! My sight seeing capacities are so much less fresh than yours would be and you would enjoy it so. We all wax a little sentimental now and then at the thought of its being our last trip in Greece, but I shall be glad to get to work.

I wrote to Miss Shipley yesterday that I would come for \$1000 a year, and no work outside of the morning hours of teaching. If they don't like that they needn't for I am sure I can extract something from Mrs. Young-Fulton. I want much to earn a good sum next year. If I can I should like to give Clarence an evening suit and some books. Mother writes that father is very tired. Do you think it worse than usual after Rhetoricals? And as to yourself, — has Eleanor's visit 'set you up' for the last hard pull? It makes me sad to think that I don't even know what it is you are going through. Do take care of yourself and don't sew too much. Are you going to send Paul and Warner off to Euclid as planned? And four weeks for the nurse? I have borrowed \$200, and I think a little of it will ^{still} soon be left when I come home. If so I shall come on that, if not I shall borrow more, for come I will. Wouldn't you like me to come as I did before just after the nurse goes?

Give my love to Paul and kiss Warner for me, and remember that nothing must happen to you for the sake of your
Ed.R.

Saturday, April 22, 1905.
Syrac.

My dearest father and mother, —

We are having today one of those grateful pauses in a traveller's march when there is time to unpack and tidy one's belongings, write letters and in general get one's bearings a bit.

To go back to Thera where I wrote to you last: — Our last few days there were very satisfactory. We all worked in the museum Monday and Tuesday. Very luckily we found there the three big German volumes which have been published about Thera, its history, the excavations carried on there and even its volcanic formations. I was pleased to get a chance to look ^{these} through just when the subject was clear in my mind and the interest in it fresh. I was still more pleased to find in the museum a case of Mykenean vases which were extremely important for my subject.

Mr. Shear and I had another magnificent swim in some magnificent surf on the north coast of the island.

Tuesday at midnight our boat left, so at eleven you might have seen our party armed with rucksacks and steamer rugs toiling down the slippery zig-zag path paved with lava which led from the town to the harbor. We found an unusually comfortable cabin, and at one we all turned in, though the boat had not yet started and we were very loath to leave that lovely moonlight scene, of grim volcanic hills rising sheer from the water and crowned with white villages.

I read some Homer the next day. (I have been carrying the Odyssey about with me since first I went to Crete in March and have read a good deal now.) We had our usual luncheon of black olives, black bread, chavrá and oranges, and our usual jokes and jollifications. We got back here to Syrac at about five in time to hunt up the

Key to the little museum and to see some excellent vases. We dined well and slept in clean beds. The next morning (Thursday) we were up before five and ready for breakfast at half past. Our host had boiled our eggs the night before so as to have them ready for us which was not a cheerful way of beginning the day, as he who has eaten a cold soft-boiled egg can testify. However the best fellow on these trips is the man who complains least, so no one mentioned the eggs except as a joke. By six we were started in a sail-boat for Delos. The gods did not give us a favoring breeze however, and our two boatmen worked most of the day at the oars while the sail flapped listlessly about. After luncheon a fairly brisk breeze did come up and we sped along pretty well at the end, arriving at Mykonos at about four in the afternoon. We had hoped to see Delos that day but our progress was so slow that we had to give it up for there are no horses in Delos, and we would not have had time to get back to Mykonos to sleep.

We looked through all four of the little museums at Mykonos, had a swim in the sea and then an excellent dinner of turkey and rice and salad. The average price we pay for a good meal on these travels is 20 to 25¢. All our expenses taken together amount to no more than \$1.50 a day. But we would not be able to do it all so cheaply were it not for the fact that all railroads and and steam-boat lines have given members of the congress half-rates until May 15th.

Delos which we saw yesterday was somewhat disappointing, a small low barren island with nothing imposing about its scenery to make it easy to understand why it should have been chosen as a seat of religious worship. The ruins which the French have lately uncovered date mostly from Hellenistic or Roman times. We saw some very pretty Roman

houses with mosaics and impluvia and megaræ comparable to those at Pompeii or those we saw recently at Thera. We went over and back in a sail-boat from Mykonos. And last night as ———

Austrian Lloyd Steamer
Easter Sunday.

if we had not had enough of sail-boats and sailing we came back here. The reason we came by night was that our boatman said that the breeze was good and that yesterday (Saturday) it might not be. He proved to be wrong. The good breeze lasted only a few hours and we were from eight till four yesterday morning getting back there. The sun was just rising when we finally got to bed. I slept till ten and then bathed and fussed about till dinner at twelve. I felt as well as ordinarily but a little mixed up as to time.

Last evening we took this Austrian Lloyd boat for Smyrna. It is a big comfortable steamer, and we all feel quite stylish after our recent quarters in Greek boats and Greek hotels.

I miss letters so much. We shall not get any until two weeks from now when we reach Constantinople. I am in excellent health, am seeing a lot and learning a great deal too.

Affectionately,
Edith.

Aidin - Asia Minor
Sunday April 30

My dearest father and mother —

Since I wrote to you last Sunday morning from the Austrian Lloyd boat I have slept every night in a different place. And yet the time has passed very quickly. I am getting so accustomed to this nomadic life that I take all the experiences it brings quite as a matter of course.

We got in to Smyrna Monday morning. It is a very picturesque town with plenty to see both along the wharves and in the Turkish bazaars. It is by far the most oriental place I have ever seen. Turkish soldiers in fezzes and silver braid stand at every corner just as I have always read that they do. They made us show our passports, and took every book or piece of writing from our rucksacks for fear that we were bringing dangerous information into the country. It was all merely a joke however, for we were all in a hilarious mood and tried to get them to teach us Turkish words until every Custom house officer was joking with us. We spent Monday seeing the town. Mr. Post joined us here and we also saw Dr. Hoppin and Mr. Cecil Smith of the British Museum who have continued to cross our path all this week.

Tuesday morning we took the train to Ephesus, and saw from the carriage windows the first bit of Asia scenery. It is a far greener country than Greece, and the scenery for the most part less imposing. In fact it might easily pass for some of the American country I have seen in Pennsylvania or Central New York, unless you chanced to see a long train of camels moving leisurely along, or a brilliantly plumaged bird or some storks on the roof of a house. The camels walk so softly on their

Great cushioned feet, and move their heads up and down in a pleasant kind of nod. They are always tied together in long trains, and headed by a Turk astride a donkey. Ephesus lies in a rich plain surrounded by mountains. As we walked from the rickety little station to the rickety little hotel which has to put us up for the night, we passed many a ruined tower or mosque, each crowned with its stark nests and one-legged storks. I never admired ruins more for themselves. Generally as a would be archaeologist I care only for the story they tell. But these old mossy towers were ~~like~~ like the pictures in style twenty years ago, and were extremely decorative. The rest of that day we were busy studying the archaeology of the place. The Austrians have dug up much of the Hellenistic Ephesus. We saw the Theatre where Paul and his friends got into trouble when the people all were shouting "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and close by we saw one of the oldest Christian churches known, the building for worship which the church at Ephesus built early in the Christian era. The next morning we had time before the train left to see what is left of the old Artemision, — the great temple of Diana which must have been familiar to Paul. Our train took us southward to Sokiá. We gathered up our numerous rucksacks and steamer rugs and set out after Mr. Cecil Smith and Dr. Hoppin (whom we had last seen again at Ephesus) up town. We ordered luncheon in a tiny back street restaurant and then went to see about horses to take us fifteen miles down to the coast to Priene. You can imagine that I was happy when I got on a good little white horse who really wanted to go and who could go like the wind. Mr. Shear and I galloped on ahead of the rest, past Mr. Smith and Dr. Hoppin, out into a big broad plain. At the further

end of this plain we dismounted and drank coffee in a tiny little coffee house until the others caught up with us. At Priene we slept in the house the Germans had used while excavating the place. It looked like a little Swiss cottage with its big upper verandah running around it on three sides. I slept very cold because I drew a camp bed with no mattress which gave me no warmth from below. We rose at 3.30 and were off by five to Miletos. The ancient gulf of Miletos is now getting filled up with alluvial deposit, so that now, while the land is being made, it is for the greater part of the year one big marsh. Across this our road lay. For nearly two hours, our horses were wading above their knees, ~~the~~ splashing water over us with every step. Twice we crossed tolerably deep rivers when we had to draw our feet up underneath us. (Won't I be able to tell Warner stories, Nough?)

The Germans are working now at Miletos. We had a very warm welcome accordingly from a little German professor Dr. Knackfuss, who showed us all about the place explaining everything at great length. The theatre here is something tremendous. It seated 35,000 people. (We had all expected to come back to)

(the rest of this letter is lost)
 [other half discovered and added - 6/3/81 KJB] →

Priene to sleep again, but Miss Jenkins, Mr. Shear and I decided to ride further down the coast to see the temple of Didyma. It was out of the question for the others, for to get there and back to Miletus before dark necessitated fast riding, and the others couldn't do it. We ate a hasty luncheon after Miletus had become clear to us and then started off with a guide. I never had a finer ride or a happier day than that. Our guide set a good smart pace first through some fragrant woods on a soft road, then out on the cliff above the sea where the wind was blowing fresh and we had a gorgeous view out to sea of Samos, Patmos and many another island no less beautiful, if not so famous. Finally a village appeared ahead on the top of a green hill, looking not unlike a New England town. As we drew nearer, we saw beside a big windmill two glorious tall columns. The Germans are just beginning work there, and have at present done little more than to buy up the various small houses now on the temple site. Dr. Wiegand, whom I had met last year at Gourniá, is the man who does the work. He is a great jolly strong man, great fun to talk to. We saw all there was to see, — and I would not have missed it for anything — and then turned back. Dr. Wiegand sent a Turkish soldier with us for additional safe guard, so we made quite an procession. First the Turkish soldier with his rifle ready across his saddle, then our guide, then we three and lastly another workman of Dr. Wiegand's who was carrying to Miletus some Greek vases lately found by sponge-divers in the sea. Our horses walked scarcely a step during the two hours ride back.

Mr. Knackfuss entertained us that evening. And we all enjoyed thoroughly ^{the} dinner and the evening together. Dr. Hoppen and Mr. Smith were dining there too. The conversation was mostly in _____ and was

as you might guess. After dinner Dr. Knackfuss brought out a tray of potsherds and we had the fun of seeing the handsome curator of the British Museum sit and study? these fragments with many a brilliant comment thereon. The next day we came back across the marsh to Priene, saw the excavations there, which are extremely interesting and important. Mr. Shear and I climbed the rock above the town and saw for the last time that glorious plain between Miletus and Priene, through which the Meander winds to sea.

Last night we slept here in a town so Turkish, that scarcely a word of Greek is heard. There is much to write yet but no paper or time. We go to-day to Hierapolis. I am very happy as you can imagine. Keep well

Affectionately
Edw.

(To Anne —)

Laodicea May 2
(postcard)

On we jog, sleeping each night in a different bed, seeing each day some new archaeological site and getting acquainted with some member of the party better. It is a great experience and one I shall never forget. To-day we have been bathing in the hot sulphur springs at Hierapolis. I should like so much to send Warner something for May 19th, but there is no place to get anything. I cannot manage even letters for we are on the go every minute of each day. If we keep our stockings darned and washed, our time is full. But don't think I am forgetting you these days. Travel and beautiful mines, and some jolly people do not make up for my family, and every day whenever I am, I think of you across the sea and wish you and yours well. I shall get letters from you in a week, now, when I get to Constantinople.

C.H.H.

Mitylene, Lesbos
May 6, 1905.

My dearest father and mother, —

I feel doubtful for some reason or other if my last letter from Aidin ever reached you. That town was so thoroughly Turkish that one rather doubts its officials. We went from Aidin to Hierapolis last Sunday by train and found a neat little hotel beside the railroad station with everything sweet and clean and a garden of roses thrown in. We had to bargain a good deal for our price but to that we are accustomed. Before that bargain was made, Mr. Washburn and I had gone to the village to see what we could find there. We could not find a soul who spoke Greek and were driven to making gestures for food and a bed etc. I would like to see you try that. You get under way and then feel ashamed of yourself for the spectacle you are making. We saw the remains of Laodicea that same evening, and the next morning walked over to Hierapolis. Hierapolis was famous in ancient times, as now, for its hot sulphur springs. The water contains chalk too, and accordingly the streams from the springs build little elevated sluices for themselves out of the chalk they deposit. We went in swimming in a pool of hot water which sparkled and bubbled up around us like champagne. It was a rather enervating bath. To swim in hot water gives one rather queer feelings.

The next day we had a long dirty tedious railroad journey back to Smyrna. So it was for no others. Mr. Shear and I enjoyed ourselves better because, having bought 'Westward Ho' the last time we were in Smyrna, we amused ourselves by reading aloud in turn. Dr. Heermance and Mr. Stevens appeared at one station and

joined us for half an hour, bringing all the Athens news. They were bound for Ephesus.

We spent a night in Smyrna and by sleeping in the same bed which I had occupied a week before, broke my record of not sleeping in the same bed twice during this month's travelling.

From Smyrna we headed toward Pergamon, going by train to Soma and from Soma to Pergamon by cart. A cart in Asia Minor resembles a miniature prairie wagon. It would have been comfortable and something like a straw-ride at home except that it lasted six hours. We got to bed about three; and slept well. Pergamon is a great site. The German school at Athens is digging it, and we had heard much about it from Dr. Dorpfeld. We stayed two more days, coming over here to Mytilene by sailboat the last afternoon. It was quite a drive from the excavations to the shore where we got the sail-boat. We were traveling in the same miniature prairie wagon we had had the day before. When we were an hour from our destination a man rode alongside on a beautiful white horse. He wanted to talk to our driver, so half in fun I offered to change places with him. To my surprise he accepted, and the last hour I rode on the most glorious horse I ever tried. I can't tell you how I love to ride a horse. Mr. Seager has given me his saddle, and I've a good mind to bring it home and to try some of the horses in Woodstock in the early morning hours when prim spinstas are still asleep. However don't be alarmed yet.

Constantinople May 11.

For nearly a week this letter has been unfinished.

We have slept so many nights this last week where writing conveniences were unobtainable, that I have had no opportunity to finish it.

After a day spent in Mitylene, wandering about the town, and taking a sea-bath, we took a Khedival boat for the Dardanelles. She was very crowded and I was put in with a fluffy ~~lady~~ — young French woman who had turned the cabin into a whole drug-store with her scents and paints. Slept badly for lack of air and rose at five to get off at the Dardanelles. We hurried through the customs with the usual tiresome succession of investigations of our passports, searchings of our luggage and applications for fees, and established ourselves in a dirty and smelly hotel and then went abroad in search of horses to ride to Troy. At last about 11 a.m. we found six good ones, a guide and a soldier, and started SW along the Dardanelles at first, then inland on a glorious cross-country ride. I think Troy was the finest thing we have seen on this trip. In the first place I had never really expected to get to it, because Dr. Darpfeld does not take women there, and

next sheet missing
[go onto "Persians in yellow gowns..."]

Persians in yellow gowns and great Turbans, Bedouin from the desert, Syrians in lovely ~~rose-colored~~ rose-colored coats, walk about or kneel in prayer. — We stayed there three hours and could scarcely leave then.

Another great sight in Constantinople — —

American School Library

May 15.

was the salamik. Every Friday the Sultan goes to his mosque for prayers, and because it is such a great occasion and also because he is afraid for his life, a tremendous guard of cavalry and infantry turn out and fill all the neighboring streets. Only a few Europeans are allowed to watch the scene, and they must get permits from their minister and be followed every minute by Turkish detectives for fear that they may throw a bomb. We had an excellent place and saw the whole spectacle. There were squads of cavalry mounted on snow white Arab horses and carrying little red pennons on the ends of their lances, — there were Syrians in blue with huge green Turbans, there were Albanians in white and red. I have never seen so brilliant a show, never such splendid horses or horsemanship.

I was sorry to be in Constantinople so little time. We had no time to go up the Bosphorus to see the sweet waters of Asia or many an other sight. But had we stayed three weeks, we should not have seen all. We came home on a good Austrian Lloyd boat after the usual fussing with passports and customs and harbor fees. Our cabin was so frightfully hot, being near the engines, that I could stand it only two hours, and then went up on deck to sleep.

We have encamped in our same old rooms in the Merlin, and how homelike it seems! I came up here yesterday

afternoon and found two letters, all good news, though no jobs.

I'm buckling down now to two weeks of work and men Westward - ho!

Give my love to Mrs. Hibbard and tell her that Japan is an ideal place to live and work. We hear so much of it here. I hope Dr. Hillis will come. I shall be there by the 22nd all right. Ask the whitening boy if he knows the Hastings of Nashua. Mr. Hastings of last year is from there.

Heaps of love
Ed:R.

Dampfer, "König Albert"

June 10, 1905.

My dear Anne, —

There is not three hours difference in time now between you and me. We are speeding along across a dancing blue ocean which looks small and round because there is nothing at the horizon to show up the distance. Do you realize that I am coming home to you, Anne, and that a week from today I shall probably be singing in the choir in Woodstock? And even if I don't see you at once do you realize that not for many years will we be so long separated? My Shipley salary will enable me to run over to Cleveland often.

This letter will reach you when your hour is drawing nigh. It brings you my heart's best love. Keep it near you when you are blue and weak and lie quietly and think of me and all our happy days together from Main Street on. Perhaps it will amuse you to read of my doings since I left Athens so I will write them out for you.

Of the last two weeks I was here, there is little to write. The first week that we got back from that ~~lovely~~ splendid long romp, I was with Ray whenever I was not working in the library. She is very affectionate with me, but yet I can't quite put my finger on her, for she is such a volatile nature. We used to walk every evening to the top of Lycabettus or the hill above the stadium and sit and dream, watching the sunset lights and talking of what Athens life can mean to young Americans and has meant to us. At the end of the first week she and Gisela went up to Delphi for a few days, and then Mr. Sheer and I were play-fellows. He and I understand one another pretty well now. He depends on me for much and that I enjoy for it makes

me feel useful. He is chuck full of faults. He is quarrelsome, contradicts people, is obstinate, full of prejudices and not plastic. But notwithstanding, he is lovable and a very strong character. He is only 25, so we will hope he will get over much of his bad points. They are due to the way he has always been spoiled.

Moral for you, — don't spoil your children. Well this kid and I walked to Marathon and back one of the last days we were in Athens. It was some 37 miles that we did and it was a hot day. (Neither of ^{us}) scarcely ate a thing until after dark. But such a happy day in the free open air. We started ~~at~~ five and took a 5.30 train to Kephisia. From there we walked around the north of Pereteli through thickets, over a little mountain pass, until we issued hot and thirsty in the plain where the battle was fought. There we ate a bite of lunch and then sat under a fig tree and read Herodotus' account of the battle together, and Stevenson's 'Walking Tours.' After that we had twenty miles to walk home! We started at four and got in to Athens at 11. We had to rest many times along the road. The last rests were the best when the stars were all out and everything still and balmy. We were so happy when we got to a halfway inn and had two fried eggs a piece, the best meal I ever ate. Once more we stopped about nine o'clock at the little house of a collector of road customs. He turned a search lantern on us as we came up the road and then invited us to sit with him a while and dry his brandy. There aren't many boys I could be comfortable with all day alone. You can imagine it might be difficult. But Mr. Shear is one of the cleanest and finest natures I ever knew. And Anne if you only could have known some of these Americans whom I have known in Athens. They have shown me more than one thing about living. Well, we finally got in from that crazy walk, and never was I so glad to

get to bed. The next day was my last. I made dozens of parting calls and packed. In the evening Dr. Heermance gave a dinner in my honor. And how I wanted to weep when we got up from the table and I realized that our little circle was broken up forever. We were; Miss Jenkins, Ray, Gisela, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Washburn, Mr. Shear, Dr. Heermance and I. That evening Ray told me of her engagement to Dr. Ralph Barton Perry, professor of Ethics at Harvard. I ^{guessed} (knew) as much before so was not surprised. I am so glad that she has a big strong man to look out for her. He seems to be an unusually able and fine fellow.

The next day I left at noon. Wasted at least two hours in weeping but finally got control of myself and went up to the school and said good-bye to Dr. Heermance and the Bosanquets. The whole crowd came down to Piraeus and lunched with me, and even came on board the boat. I had flowers and good-bye presents and all, but I thought my heart was breaking, so I begged them tragically to leave me and waved them good-bye. After a brief cry in my cabin I came up on deck as the boat was leaving and stood and watched the Acropolis (I never saw more beautiful afternoon lights) until it was a tiny speck and my eyes ached. Even the thought of getting home could not pull me out of the depths of melancholy. I tried talking Italian at dinner but found it stale and unprofitable because it was not Greek. The next day I was a stage nearer sanity. We stopped in Kreta at Canea and I went ashore, bought a lot of Kretan towels and called on some old friends. There was one interesting passenger on board, a Polish doctor from Baghdad, who told me many an interesting tale. We stopped some hours at Catania and I got off and walked around the town. Sat a while in a lovely Italian garden and saw the top of Aetna rising above the mists, for it had

been raining. At Messina I changed boats (in the rain) for Naples. A Cook's man met me on my arrival there and informed me that the Citta di Napoli on which I had taken passage had lately decided to carry only steerage on this trip. So I had to fly around and get a ticket on this boat and, as it cost \$20 more, write to Athens and borrow \$20 from Dr. Hearnance. He had offered to do just very thing for me so I felt comfortable in doing it. But I am strapped. I owe father \$320 and this \$20 and haven't a cent nor the chance of earning anything until Nov. 1.

I met Mr. Deane at Naples as I had expected. We had two days there and always lunched and dined together and drank the healths of all our Athens friends. I went out to Pompeii one day, but on account of its being Ascension Day, everything was closed. However by telling the head official that I was one of the most important archaeologists in Europe, he finally consented to hitch me on to a group of college professors from a Catholic college in Naples. They had come out to hear their colleague in archaeology tell them about the place. I had to follow them closely as there was only one guard. It was a funny experience. None of them spoke English and only one German, and they were such a funny lot. Travelling does knock one into funny experiences.

The last day in Naples Mr. Deane and I went out to Cumae and Lake Avernus. Cumae is the oldest Greek colony on Italian soil so we felt ~~was~~ we were saying good bye to Greece there.

This boat is much more lively than the Hohenzollern. I cannot sit in my chair two minutes without some one coming along to talk. But most of the talk is interesting. It may be the captain himself who talked a whole evening to my neighbor and me about the Russian officers which his company has lately

been bringing home on parole from Port Arthur. The siege ~~left~~
 left the place in a fearfully demoralized condition. All these young
 officers drank themselves drunk every evening on the boat and all
 were travelling home with ^{women} who passed as their wives but weren't
 and who had got free tickets as Red Cross nurses! Next night came
 along a Norwegian artist who has a studio in Rome. He shows
 me some photographs of nude bronze figures he has lately been
 modelling for a fountain. We talk of Greek canons of art and
 then he tells me of his models and we fall to discussing how far
 we can help poor and degraded people. He talks frankly, as
 Europeans always do and tells me of how far years he has been
 trying to persuade his model (a man) not to have so many
 children. But in vain. I walk the deck every evening with a
 wealthy society woman from Baltimore. She is intellectual beyond
 most of her sort and we have become quite chums. My neighbor
 (her chair is beside mine) is a Southern girl, the wife of our
 consul to Arabia. She has told me what she has told no one
 else on the boat that she has been married only two weeks
 and is travelling under her former name. They were married
 secretly by our consul at Rome because the plague has broken
 out in Arabia and her husband couldn't bear to go back and
 take his chances without marrying her first. She will announce it
~~to~~ to her family on her arrival. Then there are school-teachers
 returning from the Philippines, a parson with whom I play shuffle
 board, some dear children to whom I tell Odyssey stories and
 quantities of 'Americans.' I feel as if I were already home to
 be with so many of my countrymen. again. Last but not least
 should be mentioned some dozen friends I have made among
 the Greeks in the steerage. I go and talk to them twice or
 three times a day. At first it made me so blue to hear the

language that I could hardly stand it but gradually I am getting more sense. I have acted as interpreter for them several times. One mother could not make the Italian official in the dispensary of the hospital understand that her child needed milk so I went down into the steerage and got it for her. There is lots on a boat of this sort that is not pleasant to watch. There are flirtatious gals who rust the young German and Italian doctors shamefully. But on the other hand one has a chance to try ones powers of making friends with all sorts and I am sure it is good for one to do so and to see so many different sorts.

I have read Homer a good deal. Have read ten books of the Odyssey since I left Athens. Everybody makes fun of me for my love of Greece and Greek and the Greeks but never mind.

I am hating myself for coming home so poor and worse still for not having a lot of suitable presents. The Chandlers, Miss Jessy, the Hibbards, Mrs. Tiemann and a dozen others keep looming up in my mind. I didn't even have enough money to the chief Greek photographs for myself. I am a harum scarum piece.

Now be a good girl, dear sister, and keep cool and unflustered. Give my best love to Paul and tell him I want to see him. My love to mother and father Gaylord too, and a kiss for Warner.

Yours always
Edith.

P.S. They say we shall get in Thursday morning. You will know by the post-mark of this. Don't you think Lydia a nice girl's name?
E.H.H.

ÉPILOGUE

VS XVI

In the official history of the American School at Athens it says. "Miss Hall was the last to hold the Agnes Hoppin Memorial fellowship. The purpose for which the fellowship had been established — to help remove the limitation of women students — had in the opinion of the donors been achieved."

FIN